

POETRY.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.—ORIGINAL.
Bird of the still night!
Heard when the stars are bright—
Dearest than Philomel art thou to me!
Thy plaintive serenade
Echoes through all the glades;
In the wide world, there's no warbler like thee!
When comes the morning light,
Where dost thou take thy flight?
To mountain or tree-top—to cavern or flood?
In vain we seek for thee,
In every forest tree,
Where thy notes echoed throughout the still wood.
We hear thee mildly pleased,
After the thrush has ceased—
Lovers and mourners delight in thy song;
The thoughtless are made sad—
The pensive are made glad—
All would, who listen, thy music prolong.
Mysterious Whippoorwill!
When evening's bright and still—
I'll make thee a visit by moonlight alone;
Thou shalt my footsteps trace,
To thy own dwelling place—
When thou art perch'd on thy evergreen throne!

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

CALLS.

The subject of calls, though of late much discussed in various quarters, is not yet by any means exhausted.—It is a subject of great importance to the community, especially the female part of it, and deserves to be treated with all the reflection and carefulness that can be had. "My dear," said Mrs. Balderstone to me one fine day, "I am shamefully behind in my calls. That 'ladies' work,' and one thing and another, have kept me pretty close to the house for the better part of half a year, and during all that time my arrears have been accumulating in such a way that I now hardly know how to face my friends. I declare it would take a full week to pay off all the calls that I am owing. And then for yourself, you know you never have once paid a morning visit since you were married. That endless business of yours occupies you so much that you neglect every thing else, and your own health into the bargain. I really must have you pulled out of the house to-day, to take a walk with me. Suppose you just for once accompany me on a round of calls, and see two or three of those friends of mine who have so long expressed an anxiety to see you, but whom you have never been able to see, either in their houses or your own.—Yes, yes, you will come. It will be so delightful to have you out for a day. See how fine the day is! You cannot resist it: it will do you so much good!" &c. There was no resisting blandishments like these, particularly as I really had nothing better at the time to do. I therefore dressed myself somewhat punctiliously, and sallied out with Mrs. Balderstone, who seemed to enjoy excessively the conquest she supposed herself to have gained over my propensity to stay at home. Under my left arm went the good lady herself. In my right hand hung her reticule, and, at all the shady places, her parasol was also committed to my charge. "Where shall we go first?" inquired I. "Oh, just leave it all to me," responded my spouse, in her usual absolute manner—a style of speech, he it remarked, which, though I generally tolerate it in matters indifferent, would not be submitted to in others of a graver nature.

Only I am always of opinion that it is best to keep up one's powers of resistance till there is real occasion for them. Well, away we went, the sun shone gaily out; the streets were well watered; the great fashionable street was in a stir; and it was "so" delightful. The chief scene of our intended intrusions was in the distant part of the town; so we walked and walked, and better walked as the nursery stories say, till we were at length so much fatigued that we could hardly hold out any longer without rest or refreshment. "It is so fortunate," remarked my wife, in reference to our exhausted condition, "the first call we have to make is upon honest old Mrs. Davidson, who is never from home, and who always presses people to wine and cake. She is considered, you know, as a very plain kind of person; but she certainly is kind." No more respectable character could have at that moment been presented to me; and burning with prospective reverence for the good old woman, we approached her door. I had some notion of even taking the liberty of asking this worthy Christian for a glass of beer—that is, supposing that she should not herself offer it.

What—what was our grief when we were informed that Mrs. Davidson was from home? She had gone to spend a fortnight in the country, and was not to be back till Friday week. Friday week! echoed my spirit within me—or some other organ—the very idea of such a stretch of time before being able to partake of the anticipated hospitality, made me nearly faint upon her threshold. Women, however, are proverbially fertile in resources. "Though Mrs. Davidson has failed us," said my spouse, "there is Mrs. Galloway, my old school-companion—Jesse Carmichael, you know—she that was married last year—lives only two streets off; and though it is out of our line of march, I think we had better go there before calling any where else—for I think she is sure at least to offer us a glass of wine.—She returned my first call about the New Year, and I have not seen her since. She will be thinking, I dare say, that we have cut acquaintance." Of course I had no objection to try Mrs. Galloway, being quite indifferent as to the port we should make for, provided only that port should be found after all. Pleasing intelligence! Mrs. Galloway was at home. We were shown into a drawing-room, bearing that appearance of exquisite arrangement and perfect lustre of polish which strikes the beholder, so invariably, with an idea the opposite of eating or drinking. Oh, thought I, there is nothing for us here. And I was right. Mrs. Galloway, who soon appeared, received us in a manner not at all peculiar for any thing, and, after the usual chit-chat, permitted us to take our leave unregarded. We now called on some other friends, but all were from home. "Is there no one you are sure of?" inquired I. "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Balderstone, "just come along to the next square, and see the Stewarts—they have a hot laugh every day, you know, exactly at two, and we are just upon the hour. This cannot fail us." I acknowledged that, if she were quite certain as to the habit of the lunch and the hour when it took place, we had a good chance in this case; and accordingly we were soon at the door of the Stewarts. Oh, transport! not only were the good folks at home, but, at the very moment the door was opened, we became as assured as the olfactory sense could make us, of the fact we had just been debating. The lunch of the Stewarts, was the French character under Louis Philip, was a reality—and to all appearance a pretty substantial one.

Well, we were shown up stairs—not into the family parlour, however, but into a small speak-a-word room, where, after we had remained for about three minutes, we were joined by Mrs. Stewart, all in a flutter of apparent pleasure at the unusual honour of a visit from Mr. Balderstone. Now, thought I, now thought I, now is the time. The lunch cannot keep long. You must ask us down. What, what! no invitation—still all talk, talk, and no eat, eat, eat? Immortal powers, it was so? There did Mrs. Stewart sit for ten minutes, and ever seeming to suppose that either we or herself had either taste or smell. Strange mischances sometimes occur in domestic matters. There may be visitors in one part of a house, whom you cannot bring into contact with others who have arrived later. And such might be the embarrassing case of this lady; yet it was strange, passing strange, and went to a degree above all common precedent, that we should have been coolly conducted through the notorious fumes of this hot lunch, and permitted to depart with appetites almost savage, to seek somewhere else for the solace which we had there so confidently expected. I now saw that calls were business which did not support itself, and I proposed to my amiable partner, that, before proceeding further, we should refresh ourselves by the only mode which presented a perfect certainty of effect—that is to say, by adjourning to a restaurateur's. She was piqued, however, to make out her case without resorting to that expedient, and entreated me to accompany her on just one other call, where she felt quite certain of success, as she was on such an intimate footing with the lady, that she could take the liberty of asking for something. I consented, and, after traversing another street or two, we arrived at the house in question.

While I was knocking, Mrs. Balderstone said, in an insinuating tone of voice, that, should this lady be from home, there were two others living within a few doors, upon whom she had intended to call, and who were equally certain to provide us with some refreshment. It was evident that my worthy spouse entertained little hope of my consenting to go any further; she merely threw out the hint, intending to pull me on yet a little way, if I would go, but not otherwise. "Is Mrs. Simpson at home?" inquired the dame. "No, Madam," answered the servant, "she is out." "Well, just one trial more. It is only across the street," I consented. Rat, tat, tat. "Is Mrs. Paterson at home?" "No, Madam, she is out." "As, ay," said I, after we had given our cards and retired, "and the children are out to, I could warrant, and the cat, and the dog, and the fire also. My dear," I added seriously, "it won't do any longer. 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THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1835.

FOR PRESIDENT,

HARTIN VAN BUREN.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

Extract of a Letter from a gentleman of this city, now in Europe, dated 22d April, upon the subject of the Bill of Indemnity:—

"You will probably have the decision of the Chamber of Deputies, upon the American claims, before this reaches you. What kind of an explanation will be required by the government here, is not now known—many suppose, however, that it would be satisfied with almost any thing which the American government might say—that is, simply disavowing any intent to menace or intimidate the French government. I do not believe the French have any desire to go to war with America—I think they generally wish to have the present difficulties settled. The question between us is made a political affair by the two parties here—the ministry, and the adherents of the present government being for, and the opposition (the Carlists) against the claim; and it is thought by some, that the supporters of the bill, generally, care nothing about an explanation, but voted for the resolution with a view of obtaining votes, for which reason a little would be satisfactory. But this may be doubtful, as Mr Livingston leaves here to-morrow, for Havre, to embark in the Constitution, which is now there—(Commodore Elliot having been in Paris several days, but now returned to Havre), to sail immediately for the United States; which circumstance certainly leads to the conclusion that something is required by way of explanation, unless the unfavorable light in which Mr L. stands before the French government prevents further negotiation. Mr Barton, as the American Charge des Affaires, will remain here, as I learn. There is a strong feeling here among Americans against offering any thing in the light of an apology—though it seems to be thought a more temperate, yet decisive, message of the President, would have had a better effect; General Jackson being quite popular here before it appeared, though now looked upon less favorably. It appears to me that things have been conducted rather too hastily—that a little more moderation would have done better—and think even now, a course entirely satisfactory to ourselves might be pursued, by which an adjustment could be made; for there seems to be a good feeling here, generally, towards America and, as far as I can judge, a willingness, if a not a wish to have our claim allowed, thought it is often said that a small part of it will go to Americans; the present King, Louis Philip, as well as other foreigners, seem largely concerned in it. It is thought Mr Livingston had no communication with the government here since the bill passed, which is probably true—as the strong dislike which exists towards him, would prevent any negotiation, even if he had attempted it."

The following views of the present state of the French question, by the Richmond Enquirer, are similar to those entertained, in our opinion, by a large majority of the American people:—

"Apology—Explanation.—The negotiation of M. Rives's Treaty is about to be consummated by the firmness of the President. The bill of indemnity has passed—and we congratulate the country upon the result. It is another feather in our cap. The condition which is attached to the bill, can scarcely defeat its execution. Several of the journals have described it as demanding an apology. Were any such asked, we should scorn it with indignation. We hope we should be the last to barter our country's honor for money. But we do not understand that any apology is asked—certainly the term itself is entirely gratuitous. There is no such expression in the bill. The words used are 'satisfactory explanations'—(in the French, 'explications')—and we cannot hesitate to believe, that as those explanations are to be confined to the Executives of the two countries, and as the President has always disclaimed all idea of insulting the French Government, such frank and liberal reference may be made to the President's Message, as will satisfy the French Cabinet."

The editor of the Baltimore Patriot knows as little about the Portraits in Faneuil Hall, as he does about the principles of Liberty and true Republicanism which have been proclaimed within its walls. He thinks the picture of FRANKLIN adds much to the political sacredness of the place—it may, but we have been unable to discover any such painting there. He says, "Faneuil Hall has indeed been disgraced and profaned since the days of the Revolution! But not by the Whigs!" Was it not profaned and disgraced by the Whigs when they attempted to break up a meeting of Democrats there by violence—a meeting called by the Democrats, and to whom the Hall was granted for their own special use? Here was a specimen of Whig love of order—RIGHT—LIBERTY—an effort to put a stop to free discussion by MOB FORCE! If this was not profaning and disgracing Faneuil Hall, no act of injustice, or violation of peace and liberty—no arbitrary outrage, can be called ignominious.

The Richmond Enquirer, in speaking of the affairs at Washington, says:—

"As for Mr Kendall, we understand that his administration of the Post Office meets with general approbation. He is devoting himself to the duties of his office with indefatigable industry—is courteous to all applicants—and is determined to avoid in his department all the spirit of a political partizan. We have heard of some interesting anecdotes about the Baltimore Convention, which we are not at liberty to detail, but which redound very much to his credit. We have also heard the anecdote of a Whig Postmaster from one of the largest cities of the Union, who visited Washington a few days ago. He was with Mr K. several days—engaged upon the duties of his own office. All his prejudices were shaken by his better knowledge of the man—and he wrote home to one of his friends, that he would be surprised to learn, that though he had been with Mr K. for several days, he had not once heard him growl, nor seen him bite—that his manner soon was contrary, courteous,—and that he was one of the first business men he had ever met with. For ourselves, we have no doubt that Mr K. will bring the Department out of all its difficulties, with much honor to himself and with much benefit to his country."

The Montreal Herald of the 4th inst, says—"The Rev. Mr Maguire, Chaplain of the Ursulines at Quebec, arrived here on Friday, and proceeded last night to Quebec, accompanied by three of the sisters of the Ursuline Convent of Charlestown, near Boston, and several pupils from the same establishment."

To the Farmers and Workmen in the U. S.

No. IV.

Citizens—I have promised you in my last number a detailed description of each of the four principal kinds of aristocracy in this country—viz: the aristocracy of family—the aristocracy of wealth—the aristocracy of foreigners, and the aristocracy of fashionable imbeciles. In this number, I propose to dwell on the aristocracy of family.

If this class were composed only of those who can actually trace their lineal descent to some European nobles, their number, especially in the Eastern and Northern States, would be so exceedingly limited, that it would be ungenerous to attack them as a body—although their absurd pretensions, and their opposition to every measure which is calculated to benefit the people, would sufficiently warrant such a course. Forbearance, however, with a disarmed and crest-fallen foe, or a spirit of Christian charity, with a set of men "from whom the glory has departed," would make us look upon them as objects of our commiseration, rather than of severity, or marked displeasure. But what apology have we to offer for the supercilious arrogance of those fashionable gentlemen, who are always ready to trace the origin of their families to some royal functionary, or nobleman, as far back at least as Charles II.—taking great care to bury all intermediate links, and especially their own sires, to utter oblivion. I mean those Federal aristocrats who, having acquired sufficient property to style themselves gentlemen, are now more than anxious to acquire also an ancestry; the men who cringe and fawn about every sprig of nobility, whom chance, or a desire to abuse this country, may happen to throw amongst them—but who are too proud to recognise their own neighbors; who join with every foreign slave-mart in railing against the democratic basis of our free institutions, while publicly they profess a patriotic zeal for the preservation of the Constitution—who inwardly pant and sigh for the splendor of a court, (at which they themselves would make at best but awkward figures) whilst they talk openly of the pretended usurpation of General Jackson and his successors in the affections of the people. I would ask these men, which is more honorable, to be the founder of one's own rank and fortune, or to hunt over all the rotten parchments of Europe, to find a name spelled somewhat like their own, wherewith to sustain their absurd pretensions to superiority and distinction, at a time, too, when there are professors of heraldry, both in England and on the continent, who will trace any man's pedigree as far back as William the Conqueror, for twenty-five pounds?

When America declared her independence, and acknowledged all men to have the same equal rights, the world might have expected from her a complete obliteration of those hereditary distinctions and historical privileges which owe their origin to barbarous ages and their continuance to the superstition and bigotry of the people. The age of chivalry was long gone by, and there was no reason to suppose that the people would cherish the mummy from which the spirit had fled. The spindle-shanked heroes of our evening parties bear, after all, but little resemblance to the stout followers of Richard, the Lion-hearted, and the noble knights of King Arthur's table, would sadly contrast with the broker's board in any of our Atlantic cities. Why then should the people recognize this haughty, stock-jobbing Bank-nobility, which have no claims to our affection, and whose very essence is presumption and selfishness. They did not support us at the time of the revolution! for few of them only engaged in it, and those did fight with quiescence, constrained as "men drink potations." Why then should we entrust them with power and office?

It is your duty as freemen to prove that the fee simple is in you; that you have the power to elect your own officers and magistrates, and that you consider any man a traitor to your country, who dares to dispute the sovereignty of the people. Aristocracy, in this country, is a foreign plant, not warranted by law or custom; and whose very existence is an insult to the people. It is a weed which must not be suffered to grow up with Democracy. General Jackson has already arrested its progress: Van Buren's administration will destroy it root and branch. Strike once more and the hydra shall lie at your feet. BRUTUS.

The Spanish Pirates.—This day, between the hours of 9 o'clock, A. M. and 12, at noon, is the time appointed for their execution.

The execution will take place under the direction of the U. S. Marshal, on the wharf in the rear of the gaol yard—on the Mill Pond so called.

We understand Francisco Ruiz is reprieved for 30 days, on account of insanity—and Bernardo De Soto, having been reprieved for 60 days, five only will be executed.

Old Hickory.—As the Hickory tree is generally understood to be the emblem of General Jackson, the New Haven Herald thinks that some appropriate tree should be fixed upon as the emblem of Van Buren; and recommends for this purpose the Slippery Elm.—Jour. Com.

Not so bad, my masters. Physicians recommend Slippery Elm as a corrector of the human stomach.—As that bark is to the physical world, so is Mr Van Buren to the political—a Corrector whose merits are very generally acknowledged, and who is about to be placed where his good qualities will be productive of universal good. Try again, my willing.

An Assault was made on Saturday last, in New Bedford, on the person of James B. Congdon; Esq., Cashier of the Merchants Bank, by a black fellow named James Dyer, armed with a cowhide. The cause of the assault was avowed to be, in revenge for a publication made last September, by Mr C. as Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, in relation to the breaking out of the Cholera, in this town, which was found to have originated in Dyer's house in consequence of the filthy and unwholesome state in which the place was kept.—The assailant was arrested and bound over for \$300 bonds to take his trial at the Court of Common Pleas, the present week.

Boyd, the person who attempted to assassinate Mr Attree, Reporter of the Courier and Enquirer, was arrested at Hoboken, and held to bail to answer for the assault—himself in the sum of \$1500, and two sureties in \$1000 each. The New York Courier of Tuesday states that Mr A. was still living, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The Washington Society will be behind no other association in the manner in which it will honor our National Anniversary—PARK HALL, at the bottom of the Mall, is an elegant dining room, for a Summer's day, and if we know Mr Allen, he will leave no spit unturned.

The State Land Office at Harrisburg, Pa., was recently entered and robbed of rising four hundred dollars. Some individuals who have been in the habit of visiting the office are suspected.

The Atlas intimates that Alexander H. Everett is the author of "Political Speculations," published in the Advocate. The Centinel has buckled on its armor to meet the Anti-masonic Knight.

The Albany people are eating ripe peaches.

POLICE COURT.

Samuel Putnam Flint, alias "Get Every Thing I can," was brought up for examination again yesterday afternoon upon new charges. In consequence of the publication in the Post yesterday of a few extraordinary extracts from this scientific thief's memoranda, a lady in whose house he had lodged a couple of days, was made acquainted with his real character, and immediately notified Mr Constable Clapp, that he had left at her house a couple of trunks, filled with sundries. Upon opening them Mr Clapp found them to contain a very considerable assortment of "every thing," as Flint says in his memoranda; viz: books of all kinds, some very valuable—a large number religious, plaster casts of Venus, phrenological busts, &c., new umbrellas; walking canes, musical "fiddle strings," Dutch pipes, fur cap, new, harmonicon, combs, pins, magnifying glasses, hose, hdkfs, gloves, jewelry, 1 pike tickets to Cartoons of Raffaele, pigs black sand, bottle of cologne, smelling pistol, green curtain, pieces polished marble, new boots, jackknife, small brass padlocks, inkstand, sand box, dice, stocks, tailor's measure, India rubbers, brushes, paints, including 9 copies of the Crucifixion, on royal drawing paper, soup tureen, containing a paper of ginger bread, and some eggs snugly packed in meal, a piece of liquorice, and an old lady's night-cap, and "various other articles too numerous to particularize"—all new. Mr Clapp has preserved the wrappers of the articles, as the marks on them may aid the owners in identifying their property.

In addition to the goods enumerated above, Mr John Clark was able to identify about twenty pieces of marble and alabaster ornaments, and an equal number of choice mineral specimens, from neither of which had Flint the sagacity to remove the marks, which had been affixed to them by the proprietor, preparatory to a sale by auction. When Mr Clapp visited him in jail, yesterday morning, in the presence of witnesses, and asked him if he had any more of Clark's goods in his possession, calling his attention particularly to an alabaster lion, he raised his hands, and with a heaven invoking cast of his eyes, said—"I call God to witness, that I have never seen such an article, nor have I any thing of his among my effects." But the lion was among them; and, when called upon by the magistrate to explain how he came by them, he remarked, with most commendable deliberation of manner—"The ornaments and specimens I bought of a gentleman whom I met in Beacon street. He had them in a trunk, and, according to me, offered them for sale; and I bought the whole of them, especially the minerals." After such an "especial" defence, nothing could be offered; and he was ordered to give bonds in \$363.

Richard H. Carter (firm of Carter and Hendee), having identified about \$50 worth of the books, as being the property of the American Institute, and under his custody, Flint was again called upon to answer for himself. Mr Carter testified that he had been very frequently in his store, inquiring the names of the members of the Institute, and for books, and would also remain considerable time, in his visits, reading the periodicals of the day, of which he supplied himself liberally "gratis." In another memorandum, which has been found, the first item is—"Call at Carter & Hendee's, and get books 'gratis.'" Among other entries in this memorandum, are the following:—"Visit Bailey's Female High School—scrutinize. Call on Worcester in State Prison, and get copy slips. Get books from Library—valuable. Proceedings and Reports of various Benevolent Societies. Visit the room of obscene prints. Visit the rehearsal at Bowdoin Street Church. Go to the Theatre once. Call and see Adam and Eve. Visit the Athenaeum, examine every room, and thing. Get all the coins I can find. The N. E. Museum, night and day—criticize, and get every thing I can. Visit Maelzel's Exhibition, between 11 and 1. See where the Female Advocate is published. Get books exchanged."

Besides the memoranda already noticed, there was still another, in which he has entered the titles of the books he has stolen. It has been intimated that he is insane; but there is altogether too "much method in his madness," to admit of such an idea—if it were not rebutted by the singular address with which he has succeeded for the space of a year, in executing his deliberate designs of getting things "gratis;" for it will be seen that he was busy at work when the painting of Adam and Eve was here last summer.

On Mr Carter's charge, he was ordered to give bonds in \$400 more—making in all, about \$900, which will probably be increased to \$2000 in the course of the week.

Accident.—Mr John H. Bird, of South Boston, part owner of ship Equator, lying at Hancock's wharf, in attempting to spring from the wharf to the side ladder of the vessel, this [Wednesday] afternoon, struck his head against the tender, and sunk instantly. His body was immediately recovered but life was extinct.—City Hall Books.

Naval.—At Montevideo, 19th April, U. S. ship Natchez, Commodore J. Renshaw, and U. S. schooner Enterprise, Lieutenant Campbell, U. S. store ship Erie, J. Percival, had supplied the Natchez with provisions, and would proceed to Buenos Ayres.

The last that was heard of G. W. Dixon, he had flogged one of the editors of the Lowell Castigator, and was hunting after the other—Dixon edits the Review.

Precept.—"It may well alarm the lovers of free institutions, when offices are spoken of in high places, as being but 'spoils of victory,' to be enjoyed by those who are successful in a contest. [Webster.] Practice.—The Whig party in Rhode Island, the professed followers of Mr Webster, got into power the other day by four votes, and they seized upon the spoils of three hundred offices, which in one day they took from their opponents, (including every Antimason) and gave to their partisans who were successful in the contest! Neither Mr Webster or his friends have rebuked the Whigs of Rhode Island, for this act of clear proscription, unparalleled in the history of parties. "And if, and if says the farmer."—Advocate.

The Messrs Harpers are about publishing an edition of the whole of the works which have yet proceeded from the elegant and prolific pen of Bulwer. We have seen the beautiful edition of Pelham, with which this undertaking is to commence, and we must say, that it is a perfect specimen of neat and elegant typography.—The portrait of Bulwer is worth the price charged for the volume, which will appear in a week or two.—N. Y. News.

In Lancaster, 1st instant, Mrs Dolly, wife of Josiah Flagg Esq. In Hingham, on Tuesday evening last, Sarah Dering Bassch, eldest daughter of Daniel Bassch, 13. In Gloucester, Sandy Bay, Mrs Eliza, wife of W. Pool Esq. 32 years.

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A NUMEROUS MEETING of the past and present members of the Boston Fire Department was held last evening at the Old Common Council Room.

Mr David Parker called the meeting to order, and Jas Barry then elected President. The meeting was further organized by the election of Benjamin Yeaton and B. M. Neveles as Vice Presidents, and the following gentlemen as Secretaries—B. S. Baxter and Peter C. Jones.

Mr David Parker then addressed the meeting, explaining the objects of the association.

The following gentlemen were then elected a Committee to retire and report resolutions for the consideration of the meeting—David Parker, John Collamore Jr, George W. Wilkins, Henry Curtis, Eliphalet Jones, Alexander H. Jennings, and Horace Williams.

Subsequently the Committee reported the following—which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, in the discussion which has lately taken place in regard to the new Fire Ordinance, a paper has been published, said to be a report made by a committee of the present Board of Engineers to that body, and by them unanimously accepted, in which report an indirect attack has been made on the late Chief Engineer,

And whereas this meeting, composed of past and present officers and members of the Fire Department, do not coincide with the opinions therein expressed,

Therefore, Resolved, That the efficient services of Col Thompson, as Chief Engineer of the Boston Fire Department, entitles him to our warmest gratitude as citizens, and to our respect and friendship as members of the Fire Department.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions, signed by the President, Vice Presidents and Secretaries of the meeting, be published in the papers of the day.

JAMES BARRY, President.
B. M. NEVELES, Vice Presidents.
BENJ D. BAXTER, Secretary.
PETER C. JONES, Secretaries.

IMPORTATIONS.

CAPE HAYTIEN—brig Hamilton—2211 bags coffee—208 hides—17 tons logwood—45 bags cocoa.

